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Promiscuity and the Sea

It is a common trope that the sea is a place of promiscuity, a place where the boundaries between the human and the non-human are blurred. This is a trope that has been used to describe the sea in literature, art, and popular culture for centuries. In this essay, I will explore the history and meaning of this trope, and I will argue that it is a reflection of our deep-seated desire for connection and intimacy.

The sea has long been a source of fascination for humans. It is a vast, mysterious, and powerful force that has shaped our lives in countless ways. From the earliest times, humans have looked out at the sea and wondered what lies beyond the horizon. We have sailed the seas in search of adventure, wealth, and knowledge. We have built our cities on the water, and we have relied on the sea for food and transportation. The sea is a part of our lives, and it is a part of our identity.

One of the most common ways in which the sea is described is as a place of promiscuity. This is a term that has a long history in English, and it has been used to describe a wide range of things. In its most basic sense, promiscuity means "mixed together" or "intermingled." It can refer to a mixture of different colors, flavors, or textures. It can also refer to a mixture of different people, ideas, or emotions.

When we talk about the sea as a place of promiscuity, we are usually referring to the way in which the sea is a mixture of different elements. The sea is a mixture of water, air, and land. It is a mixture of different species of plants and animals. It is a mixture of different cultures and peoples. The sea is a place where the boundaries between the human and the non-human are blurred, and it is a place where the lines between the different are often crossed.

There are many reasons why the sea is described as a place of promiscuity. One reason is that the sea is a place of great diversity. There are many different species of plants and animals that live in the sea, and there are many different cultures and peoples who live along its shores. The sea is a place where the different is often mixed together, and it is a place where the boundaries between the different are often crossed.

Another reason why the sea is described as a place of promiscuity is that it is a place of great mystery. We know very little about the sea, and we are often fascinated by what we do not know. The sea is a place where the unknown is often mixed together with the known, and it is a place where the boundaries between the known and the unknown are often crossed.

Finally, the sea is described as a place of promiscuity because it is a place of great power. The sea is a powerful force that can destroy our cities and our lives. It is a force that we cannot control, and it is a force that we often fear. The sea is a place where the power of the human is often mixed together with the power of the non-human, and it is a place where the boundaries between the human and the non-human are often crossed.

In conclusion, the sea is a place of promiscuity, a place where the boundaries between the human and the non-human are blurred. This is a trope that has been used to describe the sea in literature, art, and popular culture for centuries. In this essay, I have explored the history and meaning of this trope, and I have argued that it is a reflection of our deep-seated desire for connection and intimacy.

The sea is a place of great diversity, mystery, and power. It is a place where the different is often mixed together, and it is a place where the boundaries between the different are often crossed. The sea is a place of promiscuity, and it is a place that we all know and love.

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Promiscuity and the Sea



(Kang Shi-Woo) That awkward time passed, and the four of us sat around drinking the beer that I bought. A sweet air wrapped around us—maybe because we were getting drunk.

Because she (Yeon-Hee) was there, I thought everything was working.

It seemed like she was giving off a wet warmth that affected her surroundings.

Although the short-haired guy in the tank top and the woman called Eun-Jeong were sitting apart and taking measured glances at each other, their gazes seemed to show that they had feelings for each other.

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Yeon-Hee had written down questions that lovers in Eurasia had posed, and the four of us took turns answering them. She had read them in a book at some point.

Yeon-Hee asked first, looking at me: "What do you like the most?"

After a while, I hesitatingly answered, "Looking at you."

Then I asked the woman across from me: "What do you hate?"

"Decisions." She seemed a little ashamed about giving a short reply.

Then, Yeon-Hee answered, "When other people look at you."

"What's your favorite kind of dance?" Yeon-Hee looked at the guy in the tank top. We asked and answered without distinguishing any order. For some reason, he answered like a child: "I-I don't know how to dance."

"As long as there's music, there's dance."

"I like places where there are music and dancing."

"Who's your hero?"

"Peter Pan."

"Your heroine?"

"The woman in my dreams."

"What do you dream of?"

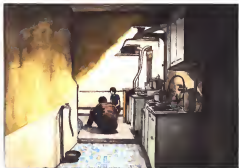
"People who are far away."

"What country would you like to live in?"

"Egypt."

"Turkey."

"Anywhere, as long as my house is there."



"What quality do you look for in men?"

"Honesty."

"And in women?"

"Tenderness."

"Do you have a wish?"

"To see you every day."

"What are you feeling right now?"

What are you feeling right now? ... I replied just as if the answer were written on the paper. It was what all four of us were feeling.

"Worry and hope."

After a while, the guy in the tank top went out to buy more alcohol, and the woman played the guitar. An amazing melody that I had never heard before vibrated through the room and sank into even the lifeless objects. While we were getting drunk off the music, the guy in the tank top put the bottles of alcohol on the ground and looked on. When I think about it, it doesn't seem like today's the first time I met him.



I dug through all my memories and experiences and at some point, loaded my body into the sports car and sped around the highways. In the middle of the many trees that I passed, I saw his head and slightly curved body come up from the tallest one. He wasn't really a tree, but I didn't think it was strange to see him standing there like one.

It hadn't been long since the last time I met with Yeon-Hae, but I was already falling completely into her thoughts.

Once, after returning from a long trip that I had taken alone, I went looking for Yeon-Hee.

She made me wait for three hours before contacting me. I sat in a bar and drank two shots of vodka without any ice. While I was ordering the third shot, she appeared, sat down, and started speaking.

"I slept with him today."

I looked at her, confused, but she just smiled.

"Who? Red Candy?"

"Yeah."

Red Candy was a guy who had given her flowers and some red candy before I had left for my trip. He practiced music with Eun-Jeong. Strangely, I was indifferent to the information.

Truly indifferent.

After that, she didn't say anything and only looked at the shot glass. For some reason, she thought we should part early that day, and before she even finished her sentence, she had disappeared from the seat. I understand now that she wanted a reaction from me.

Nothing like that had ever happened before, so it was strange.

Thinking about it, I have one sad memory.

It was a few weeks after that she got a job answering phones at a real-estate agency. She spoke about it with a strained and sad expression on her face.

An old person at the agency had told her to eat the remainder of his ramen for lunch. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, but he said that if she didn't like it she could quit and that she should be grateful that he had gathered her up and let her work there when she had nowhere else to go.

She had casually picked up the pot, smiled, and ate everything in it, she said, her words trailing off. I couldn't suppress my anger and indignation. She seemed to think lightly of the matter, but I couldn't see it that way.

Damn son of a bitch, I thought as I pictured his hand reaching down into her pants, and my head sank.

After that, I wanted to help her out financially, but for some reason I couldn't. I couldn't do that for her.

The music kept on playing, and we sat around with the alcohol and cheap, but familiar, snacks, passing the alcohol back and forth. At that point, I threw out a word without any reason.

"Promiscuity."

Shocked, I looked at Yeon-Hee's face.

As if she had already read my mind, she smiled at me calmly. Her smile always calmed me, and I thought it showed an understanding of everything in the world.

Through her, all the dirty and ugly things in the world, as well as the beautiful and noble things, combined and emitted a bright light. At the very least, she was that kind of existence to me.



At about the time when we were all changing positions, Yeon-Hee turned her gaze to me.

The light of dawn was creeping into the room through a window that wasn't even the size of a hand.

She played with her necklace and started speaking.

"Take me to the ocean."

(Cha Jee-Cheol) As if chased out by the light, we got into the sports car belonging to the man called Shi-Woo and went to the beach. That place had a large port that didn't fit with the setting. There was a strange sailboat rotting away.

Even before our eyes could take in all the scenery, something happened. The woman ran to the water, and the man chased after her. In an instant, the water swallowed them up, and I ran after them.

Eun-Jeong grabbed my arm. I don't know when Eun-Jeong got the keys, but we went back to the car, and she started talking with the car idling.

"Did you see the dolphin?"

"Dolphin?"

I steadied my eyelids, which were faltering in the sunlight, and stared at the sea line. A pair of dolphins were shining and stepping on the surface of the water. They created froth on the water and disappeared under the surface.